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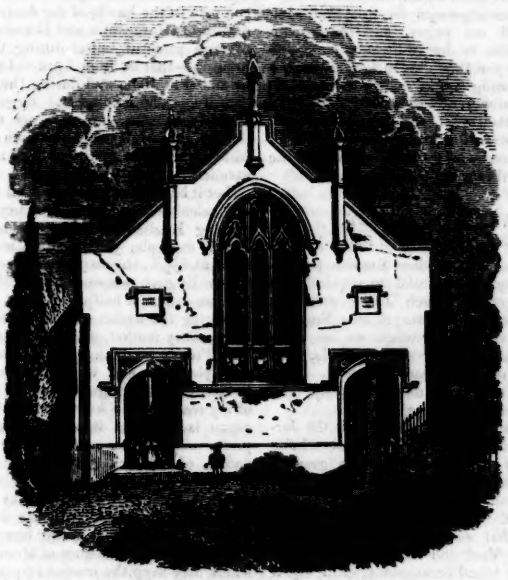

INFANT SCHOOL, HOLLOWAY.

This very interesting building was commenced last September, in Grove lane, Holloway. When completed, it will be a handsome little structure: but, were it less deserving of attention for its architecture, it would claim notice from the circumstance of its being erected at the expense of a private individual, (the Rev. Mr. ———,) by whom it is intended as a testimony of affection to the memory of a beloved sister, (A. S.,) who died in the prime of life, "as the most appropriate memorial of a character distinguished by early piety and disinterested regard to the welfare of others."

"Unpretending as to size, and without any aim at ambitious display, this building does credit to its architect, Mr. E. B. Lamb; showing how, by judicious treatment, and by the application of not more than one or two well-selected features, very considerable effect may be obtained, combined with the happiest propriety of character. The whole design is marked by a most agreeable and consistent simplicity, altogether different from that frigid baldness generally substituted, and as frequently mistaken, for it; none of the subordinate parts are slurred over for the sake of bestowing more finish upon others, — a practice which invariably throws the whole out of keeping. Mr. Lamb, too, has here shown that he knows perfectly well how to adhere to the character of the style he adopts, without servile copying. The mode in which he has here varied the outline of the gable is particularly happy; for, not only do the pinnacles springing from corbels produce a most pleasing diversity, but they serve likewise to form and define a centre compartment above, without there being any actual break in the front, which would cut it up into three narrow divisions, and thereby destroy that breadth which now marks the composition, and renders it so attractive."

The School will accommodate 63 children. It occupies a piece of ground, 30 ft. in width by 170 ft. in depth from the road, so that the space behind it will afford ample play-ground. The walls, built upon concrete, are faced with

white brick, and the dressings and ornamental parts are of Bath stone. The school-room, which is entered through a lobby, measures 28 ft. by 18 ft. 6 in. and is 10 ft. high to the underside of the tie-beams. There will also be a class-room, and above that the rooms to be occupied by the teacher.

Our acknowledgments for this gratifying illustration of our pages, and the accompanying details, is due to the *Companion to the Almanac for* 1837; as in former years, a volume of sterling worth, and rich in records of information which must advance the interests of all classes of society. Indeed, we rarely witness such untiring and well-directed industry as has been annually shown in the editorship of this really useful work.

LIVING IN JERSEY.

(*From Mr. Inglis's Channel Islands.*)

In speaking of the resident English population of Jersey, it is natural to inquire what are the attractions which Jersey presents; and what are the advantages over England which it possesses? for when we see it so extensively colonized, we may conclude, that it possesses some that are exclusive. The foremost of these is, unquestionably, the greater cheapness of living.

The beef and mutton with which the Jersey market is supplied, is almost wholly French; and although it is not, in general, to be compared with the best beef and mutton in the English markets, neither is it to be complained of. I have seen, about Christmas time, beef, that would not have disgraced any market. Veal and lamb, but especially veal, are to be found occasionally, quite equal to the same articles in the English markets. The supply, however, of the best meat, is always (excepting about Christmas) moderate. The average price of all kinds of butchers' meat, may be stated at 6*d.* per lb. of 17½ oz. The best cuts of veal, may perhaps average a halfpenny more. Pork is excellent, and in the best season, decidedly superior to any I have tasted in England. There is an immense consumption of it during the winter months, in Jersey, and it generally sells at about 5*d.* per lb.

The poultry market is pretty well supplied, especially with geese. Fowls are sold at about 2*s.* 6*d.* a couple; a well-sized turkey may be bought for from 3*s.* to 5*s.*; a good goose for 2*s.* 6*d.*; and ducks at about 1*s.* 6*d.* a pair. So far, it will be observed, Jersey has very little the advantage over very many of the English provincial towns; and but a moderate advantage over the metropolis.

Let us now come to what is usually called country farm produce.

Jersey butter has the reputation of being excellent. This character, however, is not without exceptions; and I do not, for my own part, look upon it as at all superior to that produced from the best English dairies. In the price of butter, Jersey has a decided advantage over London, and some advantage over most parts of England. This is sufficiently proved by the large export of butter, which can bear the expense of carriage, and compete in the hands of the dealer, with the dairies of Hampshire and Dorsetshire. The average price of butter during the summer months,—that is, from April to October, may be stated at 10*d.*, and during the rest of the year it is about 3*d.* higher. Eggs, during the summer months, are 5*d.* per dozen, and during the winter months, from 7*d.* to 1*s.* Milk is 2*d.* per quart, and it is generally excellent.

Let it be kept in mind, that all these prices are calculated in Jersey currency; that one shilling English, is thirteen pence, Jersey. If, for example, you purchase one pound of meat at 6½*d.*, the sixpence-halfpenny is paid by an English sixpence; or if the price be 6*d.* you receive a halfpenny back.

During the winter season, there is a separate poultry market, which is entirely stocked with French produce. Capons are then often very plentiful, and excellent; and may be bought of a very large size, at 2*s.* 3*d.* Those of my readers who know what a fine French capon is, will not think this an exorbitant price. At this season also, there are abundance of French partridges, woodcocks, snipes, and hares. Partridges are sold at about 2*s.* 6*d.* a brace; woodcocks generally a little higher; a fine hare costs from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* The supply of game, however, is very irregular. A continuance of strong northerly winds may keep the market empty for weeks; and if then, the wind suddenly shifts to the south, capons and game may be had for half nothing. Moor game is never seen in the Jersey market.

The vegetable and fruit market is most varied and abundant. With the exception of the market of Thoulouse, which I take to be the very best for country produce in Europe, I do not remember to have seen a better than that of Jersey. It is difficult to particularize the prices of vegetables. I should say, however, generally, that they are not greatly lower, than in the most abundant English markets. In the fruit market, all the English out-door fruits are found; with some, that belong to more southern countries. The common fruits,—such as apples, pears, plums, and the berry tribe, are scarcely cheaper than they can be bought in Covent Garden; and some of them not so cheap, as in the best fruit counties in England. Strawberries are certainly dearer. Peaches, however, I think are more abundant, and cheaper, than they are in any part of England. But those fruits which are not forced in Jersey, as they are in England, are of course cheaper.

Good out-door grapes,—which, if the season be good, are very palatable, are sold at about 6*d.* per lb.; and the finest hot-house grapes are not more than 1*s.* Melons of the best species, and of a size that would cost 5*s.* or 6*s.* in Covent Garden, may be purchased for from 8*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* French fruit is sometimes to be had very cheap,—particularly cherries: but as the excellence of a cherry depends altogether upon its freshness, those which have been gathered in France are worth little.

The fish market of Jersey is very inferior to what might be expected; it is neither regularly abundant, nor remarkable for its cheapness. The Jersey fishermen, are not fishermen solely; they have generally some property adjoining the sea; and do not always find it convenient to launch their boats. The consequence is, that the market is neither regularly nor abundantly supplied. The fish commonly brought to market, are whiting, sole, plaice, bass, grey and red mullet, john dorey, mackerel, gar,—a fish resembling an eel: and several inferior kinds of fish, which are not worth naming. The conger eel is also very common; and most kinds of shell fish are very abundant and good. Turbot is rarely seen; salmon, still more rarely; haddock, never; cod, very unfrequently; and fresh herring, scarcely ever in a palatable state.

The price of fish varies so greatly, that it is difficult to state any average price. I may say, however, that excepting the shell fish, none of them are so cheap as the same, or equally good fish cost in the fishy English seaports. Mullet and bass, are perhaps, cheaper in Jersey; but then the haddock, cod, and herring of the English markets are more than an equivalent. The largest and finest lobsters may be bought for a shilling; and one may have as many fine prawns for breakfast, as one can eat, for twopence.

So far, it will be seen that Jersey has no advantage over any of the more abundant English counties; and that excepting in the article of butter, the advantage over even the metropolis, is small. It is to exciseable commodities we must look, for the advantage which Jersey possesses in point of cheapness. Tea, that in England would cost from 6*s.* to 8*s.*, may be purchased in Jersey at from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* or 4*s.* 4*d.* The best gunpowder tea costs 6*s.* 6*d.* Loaf sugar, such as would cost in London 10*d.*, and in the country 11*d.*, may be bought in Jersey for 6*d.* Raw sugars are scarcely more than half their price in England. Coffee is not more than two-thirds of its price in England. Rice is 3*d.* per lb.; currants, 4*d.*; raisins for puddings about the same. These are the articles of foreign and colonial produce the most in use; but in all others of less consumption, such as spices, oil, olives, dried fruits, &c., the price is proportionately low. In this large class of articles, then, the produce of foreign countries, which may now be almost all classed amongst the necessaries of life, Jersey has a decided advantage; and from this enumeration, we have a direct illustration of the effects of taxation, and of the extent to which it operates, in depressing the condition of a people.

But it yet remains, to notice that large class of taxed commodities, which are more properly termed luxuries: I mean, wines and spirits. In the low price of these, Jersey will compete with any place in the world: for although, in the wine countries, the superior wines may be drunk for next to nothing in the districts which produce them, Jersey has the command of all wines duty free; and, consequently, the vintages of France, Spain, and Portugal, are all proportionably low-priced. That there is a great deal of bad wine in Jersey, is true; but so there is in England; and so there is in the countries which produce wines. I have drunk vile Moselle at Luxembourgh; villainous Hermitage on the Rhone; and wretched Sherry in Cadiz. But, to be more minute,—Port from two to eight years old, and of good quality, is from 22*s.* 6*d.* to 25*s.* per dozen; and inferior Port may be purchased at 15*s.* Sherries, the same prices as Port. Bucellas 14*s.* Marsala 12*s.* to 14*s.* Vidonia 20*s.* Mountain 20*s.* Tent 27*s.* 6*d.* East India Madeira 24*s.* Vin Ordinaire 6*s.* to 10*s.* Light Clarets from 20*s.* to 30*s.* First growths of best Clarets 45*s.* to 50*s.* Cote Rotie 45*s.* to 48*s.* St. George 12*s.* Burgundy, Chambertin, 60*s.* Macon 25*s.* Vin de Grave, Barsac, and Sauterne, from 15*s.* to 25*s.* Champagne 50*s.* to 60*s.* Rhenish 17*s.* 6*d.* Hocks 40*s.* to 50*s.* All of these prices are stated in Jersey currency; consequently, 1*s.* 8*d.* must be deducted from every 1*l.*

The catalogue of spirits is still more imposing. Cognac, such as is rarely to be met with in England, costs 7*s.* per gallon; Hollands, from 3*s.* 6*d.* per gallon, to 1*s.* a bottle. Jamaica Rum 1*s.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* per bottle. Spirits, of inferior quality, but not inferior to what is usually retailed in England, may be had at greatly lower prices. One may therefore enjoy a glass of rum and water, sugar included, for one penny; and I am not sure that a few drops of lemon juice might not be squeezed into the bargain. A man may comfort himself with a pint of old Port for 11*d.*; or drain his bottle of St. George,—rather a racy wine, for the same money; or of Marsala, better than it is found in England, for one shilling.

I have omitted in my enumeration, the important article of bread, the best quality of which sells at 2*d.* per pound, and common household bread of an excellent quality at 1½*d.*

There still remains to be noticed, one important item of expenditure,—house rent; and here, Jersey must suffer considerably, in

a comparison with England. A house, such as in most parts of England (of course excluding the metropolis, and the best situations in the large towns) would be let for 30*l.*, would certainly cost 40*l.* in Jersey; and there are scarcely, in Jersey, any of those small, though comfortable cottages with gardens, which, in the cheaper and more remote English counties are usually rented from 18*l.* to 25*l.* A comfortable, and respectable, and moderate-sized house, in a good situation, and with a little garden ground, cannot be had in Jersey under from 35*l.* to 40*l.* The rent of a house furnished, is generally nearly double the rent unfurnished. It must be recollected, that when rent is paid in Jersey, all is paid. There are no taxes, and scarcely any rates. This, however is but a trifling advantage over the smaller description of houses in England, not situated in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, or any of the large towns: and in any comparison between Jersey and England, as residences, it is evident that the metropolis must be excluded; because, if expenses there are greater, so are the *agremens;* and no one, whose object is economy, thinks of pitching upon the metropolis as a residence.

In one respect, Jersey has an advantage over any part of England, to those who mean to reside permanently in it, and to furnish a house. Furniture may be purchased greatly cheaper. Jersey-made furniture can of course be sold at a low rate comparatively with England; since neither mahogany, nor any other foreign timber pays any duty; and since, also, labour is considerably cheaper. Other more ornamental articles of furniture, are also cheaper than in England, owing to the same causes,—such as mirrors, French papers, and metals.

Servants' wages are about the same in Jersey, as in England, and wearing apparel is, generally speaking, dearer than it is in England.

I have now, I think, exhausted that important subject,—expense of living. But I have still something farther to say, on the advantages and disadvantages of Jersey, as a place of residence. The advantages yet to be enumerated, are indeed minor to that important one upon which I have enlarged: still, they must not be omitted. The most important of these, is climate: but, as this has already been spoken of, and will afterwards, in connexion with disease, receive a more engthened notice, I at present only mention it, without enlarging upon it.

The geographical position of Jersey, may be named as an advantage. Situated as it is, within fifteen hours' sail of England, and within four or five hours' sail of France, it offers greater convenience for the resident, than any other resort with which I am acquainted. Letters put into the post-office in London, on Tuesday or Friday evening, are delivered in Jersey, on Thursday and Sunday morning. There are communications by steam, twice a week to Southampton, as well as to Weymouth; and still oftener to the French ports of St. Malo and Granville: so that excursions may be varied to different parts of England and France, to the Isle of Wight, and to Guernsey; and all at a very moderate expense.

It is another advantage, that, in Jersey, one lives under the protection of the British government; though under the exclusive laws of Jersey. The revolutions and civil commotions, which, in foreign countries, have driven hundreds from their adopted homes, and have even endangered their lives and their property, could never be more than matters of curiosity in Jersey, and few will deny, that the British government is a good government to live under, to those who can enjoy its blessings, exempt from the evils by which these are accompanied,—taxation and widespread pauperism.

Such, is a summary of the advantages, which Jersey possesses as a residence.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AND ITS WILLOWS.

Knowing that there are many persons who attach an interest even to the slightest memorial of Napoleon, and supposing that there might be many such among the readers of the *Mirror*, I lay before them the following information respecting Napoleon's tomb and its willows, at St. Helena; and of the localities nearer home where the sentimental may meditate before some descendants of those very trees. For these particulars I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Loudon, who requiring, for his very valuable work, the *Arboretum Britannicum*, some information respecting these willows, published a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, requesting its readers to communicate to him what they could on the subject, and of the numerous replies which he received he obligingly offered me free use. It will be seen, however, that I have also introduced an extract or two from works long since published.

Mr. Francis Newberry, of 28, Wilton Place, sent Mr. Loudon a sketch "taken about a month or six weeks after Napoleon's funeral. The willows," he says, "were certainly there previously. I mean they were not planted over his tomb. They were rather small, but evidently not young trees. This is all I know about them; the drawing, although differing much from any I have ever seen, gives a faithful representation of the originals."

Mrs. Mary Blanch, of Arundel, says, "the willow was not planted over the tomb, but grew with others near the spot, which Napo-

léon discovered in one of his rides; after which he sent every day for water which flowed from a spring near, and ultimately fixed on it as his last home."

A. E. W. says that, two years ago, when he visited the tomb, "there was a fine willow growing over the tomb at the corner of the railing; it was in a flourishing condition, as no one was allowed to visit the tomb without permission from the Governor. There were also several flower-pots with heart's-ease and forget-me-not, planted by Madame Bertrand, placed on the stone inside the railing. There is a fine spring of water very near, of which the old soldier, who is always in attendance, presented us each a glass, and told us Napoleon was in the habit of coming there every morning to drink a glass of water at the spring. There was a sentry-box near, in which were a book and writing materials, where every one wrote his name, and many had added a great many remarks. Captain Stevens, the captain of the ship in which I returned to England, told me he had planted a slip of the willow in his garden at Beaumont-square, Mile End, where he had a very fine tree."

Lieutenant Langdon, who touched at St. Helena on Nov. 22, 1825, says that seven weeping willows hang over Napoleon's grave, which is covered with a plain stone slab, surrounded by iron railings, five feet high, and inside of which some small flowers, the forget-me-not, were planted by Madame Bertrand, but they never grew. An old soldier, he adds, resides near and has orders to prevent people from going inside, in consequence of some French officers who had lately been there, having taken off several branches of the willows as mementos of their former sovereign.

Lieutenant-Colonel Elwood, of Clayton Priory, near Brighton, states that he has some original sketches of Napoleon's tomb, with the *five* weeping willows growing over it. They were taken in July, 1828, at which time the trees were thought to be in a dying state: indeed, their tops were then dead. Twenty-eight young ones had been planted around the tomb. The willows did not appear to him to be different from the common weeping one. Colonel Elwood has also several geraniums propagated from cuttings taken from those which are growing in profusion around the tomb. The blossom resembles the common scarlet, but the leaves are of a yellow green, which induces him to think it to be perhaps another species. "Banke's History of St. Helena," says the Colonel, "may perhaps give an account of the original introduction of the weeping willow into St. Helena, of which it is perhaps not a native."

Captain Mundy, in his *Pen and Pencil Sketches of India*, (1832), says Napoleon's tomb "consists of a square stone, about ten feet by seven, surrounded by a plain iron railing. *Four* or *five* weeping willows, with their stems leaning towards the grave, hang their pensile branches over it. * * * The willows are decaying fast, and one of them rests upon the sharp spears of the railing, which are buried in its trunk—as though it were committing suicide for very grief. The foliage of the rest is thinned and disfigured by the frequent and almost excusable depredations of visiters. Fresh cuttings have, however, been planted by the Governor, who intends, moreover, to set cypresses round the outer fence. Madame Bertrand's *immortelles* have proved almost mortal."*

Mr. Weedon states that a willow from a scion of Napoleon's, brought over by Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar, late Governor of the Mauritius, is growing in the grounds of the late Sir Thomas Farquhar, at Roehampton.

There is a willow growing in the garden of the Roebuck Tavern, Richmond Hill, which is said to be from an offset brought over by a gentleman, two years after Napoleon's death. Mr. Hare, the landlord of the tavern, states that his authority for the tree in his garden being taken from the tomb, is a tablet which was presented to him, specifying as follows:—"This willow was taken from the tomb of Buonaparte at St. Helena, in the year 1823, and was presented by General Walker, Governor of the Island, and successor of Sir Hudson Lowe, to John Townsend Farquhar, Governor of the Mauritius, who brought it to England."—"It was brought over in a tub," says Mr. Hare, "and was presented to me by a friend, who thought that it would be of more service in a public place than in his own garden. Twickenham, famed for its attachment to the present crowned head of France, and my friend residing there, and being presented with it from a friend for the purpose of planting it in his garden with the tablet which is composed of white marble, he thought, as a professional man, it might be looked upon in a political point of view, and so presented it to me. I have had it in my possession, I should think, about six years. It was very stunted when I first had it, but being at some trifling expense by erecting fancy shell-work about it, it has now become a tolerably handsome tree, from a slight moisture proceeding from a little tomb made of the said shell-work." Mr. Hare judges the tree to be about twelve feet high.

Another correspondent to Mr. Loudon, states that a Napoleon willow near Richmond Workhouse, is in height 60 feet, and in the diameter of the trunk, 3 ft. 3 in.

Mr. Joseph Paxton, of Chatsworth, says

* Capt. Mundy, also, says that the old house in which Napoleon lived at Longwood, is at the end of an avenue "of scrubby and weather-worn trees." These trees, I learn, are gum-wood trees, from which is extracted an intoxicating drink called "toddy" by the natives.—*J. H. F.*

that some years since a friend of his brought him some cuttings from one of the Napoleon willows. "The cuttings grew well, and are now fine young trees, sixteen or eighteen feet high."

Mr. J. B. Whipe, late a lieutenant in the St. Helena regiment, aid-de-camp to the Governor of St. Helena, and a native of that island, states that a cutting, in a flourishing state, was brought by him to England in 1825, and which he gave to a friend residing at Lewisham. This plant continued to flourish, and is now a fine tree in the garden of No. 2, Lee Place, Lewisham.

In Mr. Knight's garden, at Canonbury, is a willow from a cutting taken from the Napoleon willow in 1824, by Mr. Richard Prince, and brought in a pot to England by that gentleman. Its height is about twenty feet, diameter of the trunk at a foot from the ground, exactly nine inches; and the diameter of the space occupied by its branches is twenty-three feet in the widest part. It is at No. 1, Canonbury Place, Islington, and the tree is situated at the bottom of the garden, just upon the bank of the New River.

A cutting from Napoleon's willow was planted about five years since, and is now a remarkably pretty and flourishing tree in Mrs. Bentley's garden, Highbury Grange.

A slip was brought home by Captain Sir Edward Astley, R. N., and planted in the pleasure-grounds of Lord Soudes, at Lee's Court, near Faversham.

A slip from the large willow tree that droops over the grave of Napoleon, was brought to this country in the year 1831, from St. Helena, by Corporal Thomas Hague of the Royal Marines, and presented by him to his old officer, Captain G. Desbrow, 10, Kingstreet, St. James's, in whose garden it may now be seen a vigorous and flourishing tree.

"A very fine slip is in full vigour in the Surrey Zoological Gardens; but the proprietor conceals the fact from publicity, as it might prove fatal to its safety."—*Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 13, 1836.

A specimen, from Napoleon's willow, which is growing at Kew, is said to be 25 feet high.

"A friend of mine," says Mr. George Castles, "brought me, in the year 1839, some specimens from the tomb, which I found to be distinct from any common weeping willow (*Salix Babylonica*). I compared them with several; but I saw a great difference between them. I have since seen several of the species by the canal side at Brentford and other places, but they are generally taken for the common one. * * * I was not able to discover from the person who brought me the specimen from St. Helena, whether the tree was male or female,* but he told me it was more plentiful on the island than the other."

Captain Bagnold states that at Mrs. Smith's, 11, Brompton-row, are two plants which are seedlings from the St. Helena tree, one of which is now, (Sept. 10, 1836,) just going out of blossom, but sufficient remains to show its flower and pod—it being evidently of the species of silk-cotton tree. The original seed-pod was brought to England by Captain Smith, 44th regiment. A competent botanist, to whom Captain Bagnold's letter has been submitted, says that the plant here alluded to, instead of being a willow, is probably the *Okro* or *Hibiscus esculentus*.

"Last year, (1835,) I saw," says B. A., "specimens from the tree at St. Helena, in flower, in Captain White's conservatory, at Bantry Bay, (at Glan Gariff). The flower and leaf were so unlike our willows, that I suspect it should not be classed as a *Salix* at all." The botanist before alluded to, has seen this correspondent's letter, and is of opinion that the tree in this instance is probably the *Barringtonia Thæopa*.

Mr. Knight, of Sweeting's-alley, Cornhill, published a print of the willow at St. Helena; and a wood-cut of the tomb and the willows will be found in vol. i. of the *Mirror*.

It is remarkable that Lieutenant Langdon states that, in 1825, there were *seven* willows over the tomb; Lieutenant-Colonel Elwood, that, in 1828, there were *five;* Captain Mundy, that, in 1832, there were *four* or *five;* and A. E. W., that in 1834, there was only *a* willow. If the conjecture be right that the tree at Brompton-row is the *Okro* or *Hibiscus esculentus*, and that at Bantry Bay, the *Barringtonia Thæopa*, then it may be asked, are they cuttings from trees of that species actually growing at the tomb? were they given as cuttings from the willows by mistake? or were their owners imposed upon?

JAMES H. FENNELL.

* The willows, like all the plants of the particular class to which they belong,—Diœcia, have the male organs on one plant and the female organs on another. In a note I received some time ago, from my very obliging friend, Mr. John Denson, he says, "In all the weeping willows in Britain it is probable that there is not a male tree. I have examined all that I have passed by in the flowering season, and have not met with a male; nor have I read or heard that any one is extant in Britain. * * * Many other dioecious species of exotic trees are in this case." From this it would appear that the male has never yet been imported into this country.—*J. H. F.*

Manners and Customs.

FOOT-BALL.

THE following account of a game of foot-ball, which was played by one hundred strong, stout Creek Indians, fifty on each side, is extracted from Captain Basil Hall's *Travels*:—The men, women, and children, having collected to witness the contest; the two parties, after a number of preliminary ceremonies, at a signal from one of the chiefs,

suddenly sprang on their feet, and stood brandishing their sticks over their heads. Every player held one of these implements in each hand. They were formed of light, tough wood, about two feet long. At the end farthest from the hand, the sticks were split and formed into an oval, three inches long, and two wide. By means of these bats, the ball was struck to a great distance, whenever any of the players succeeded in hitting it fairly; but this was not very often the case; for, generally speaking, the ball was grasped or held between the ends of the two sticks, and carried along over the head by the fortunate player who had got hold of it. The ball was very much like those used in tennis-courts, though not so hard, being formed out of raw hide stuffed with deer's hair. After the parties had stood for some minutes in silence, in two rows, facing one another, they stepped forward till they came within the distance of a few feet. Upon some word of command being given by one of the chiefs, every one laid down his sticks before him on the ground. A deputation of the chiefs highest in rank then proceeded to examine and count the parties, in order to make sure of there being an equal number on both sides. These, and various other ceremonies being ended, an old man stood forward and made a speech to the combatants, desiring them to observe fair play. As soon as he had ceased, the Indians scattered themselves over the ground, according to some rules not unlike those of cricket, by which the players might intercept the ball, and send it back again in the right direction. Each of the goals, or wickets, formed by the two boughs at the end, was guarded by a couple of the most expert players, whose duty it was to prevent the ball passing through the opening; which was the especial object of their antagonists. These ceremonials and preparations being over, one of the chiefs advanced to the centre of the area, and cast the ball high in the air. As it fell, between twenty and thirty of the players rushed forward, and leaping several feet off the ground, tried to strike it. The multiplicity of blows, acting in different directions, had the effect of bringing the ball to the ground, where a scramble took place, and a clatter of sticks, mingled with the cries of the savages. At length, an Indian more expert than the others, contrived to nip the ball between the ends of his sticks, and ran off with it like a deer, with his arms raised over his head, pursued by the whole party engaged in the first struggle. He was, of course, intercepted in his progress twenty times by his antagonists, who shot like hawks across his flight from all parts of the field, to knock the prize out of his grasp, or to trip him up; in short, by any means to prevent his throwing it through the opening between the boughs at the end of the play-ground. Whenever this grand purpose of the game was accomplished, the successful party announced their right to count one, by a fierce yell of triumph, which seemed to pierce the depths of the wilderness. It was sometimes highly amusing to see the way in which the Indian who had got hold of the ball contrived to elude his pursuers. He was not allowed to proceed straight to the goal, or wicket; or even to get near it; but, on the contrary, was obliged, in most cases, to make a circuit of many hundred yards amongst the trees, with thirty or forty swift-footed Indians stretching after or athwart him, with their fantastic tiger's tails streaming behind them; and he, in like manner, at full speed, holding his sticks as high over his head as possible, sometimes stooping to avoid a blow, or leaping to escape a trip, sometimes doubling like a hare, and sometimes tumbling at full length, or breaking his shins on a fallen tree, but seldom losing hold of his treasure without a severe struggle. In general, he had not only to evade the attacks of those who were close to him, but to avoid those who were farther ahead. These parts of the game were exciting in the highest degree. Sometimes, the ball, when thrown up in the first instance by the chief, was reached and struck by one of the party before it fell to the ground. On these occasions, when it was driven far among the pine-trees, the Indians darted towards the spot, and drove it back again. In general, however, they contrived to catch the ball before it fell, and either to drive it back, or to grasp it and run along towards the end of the ground. Sometimes, they were too eager to make much noise; but, whenever a successful blow was made, the people on the winning side uttered a short, harsh, and wild yell. The notation of the game was most primitive. Two of the oldest and most trustworthy of the chiefs were seated on one side, each with ten small sticks in his hand, one of which was thrust into the sand every time the ball happened to be driven through the wicket. Twenty-one was game; but these learned sages never counted higher than ten, so that when it became necessary to mark eleven, the whole ten sticks were pulled out, and one of them replaced.

W. G. C.

HUNTINGDON COUNTY GAOL AND HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

(From a Correspondent.)

This is now the only Prison Establishment, (or rather Penitentiary in miniature,) in the county of Huntingdon. It is situate near the northern extremity of the town of Huntingdon, at a short distance from the great North Road. It was built agreeably to the plans of Mr. William Wilkins, architect, with white

(Huntingdon County Gaol and House of Correction.)

bricks and Ketton stone, about eight years since.

The interior is constructed on the radiating principle, and consists of ten spacious airing yards, well supplied with good water; eight separate wards, containing about fifty sleeping cells, well ventilated, and each of them furnished with an iron bedstead; eight day rooms; two refractory cells: an infirmary, and other offices. There are two tread-wheels, worked by the male prisoners in grinding corn, and raising water: there is also a hand crank machine, with a gyrometer attached, which records with precision the amount of labour done by each prisoner employed thereat; and is used as an auxiliary to the tread-wheels, by those who are incapable of working at the latter.

In the centre is the Governor's house, which commands a view of the whole prison. At the back part, upon the second floor, is the chapel, which is judiciously arranged, so that each class of prisoners is separated; and by a very simple contrivance, a sight of each other from the several divisions is entirely prevented, without precluding their being under the constant observation and inspection of the Governor.

The Gaol is under the jurisdiction and superintendance of the high sheriff of the county and three visiting justices.

The moral and religious instruction of the prisoners is conducted by the Rev. Henry Augustus Maule, M.A., the Chaplain, who attends at stated times for that purpose, and supplies them with copies of the holy scriptures, and other religious books.

The discipline of this prison is uniformly strict, and appears to be well adapted to deter, correct, and reform; to instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the guilty. The practice of classing the prisoners on the principle of character, and not by their offence, is undeviatingly attended to here, as authorized by act of parliament, and is obviously of paramount necessity, it being the only certain mode of preventing contamination.

The system of *separation* and *silence* with all convicted prisoners has been adopted about four years; and the result continues to be increasingly satisfactory to the authorities; a gradual decrease of the annual number of commitments having lately exceeded thirty per cent., in addition to which the present season, about two months of which has already elapsed, has not as yet produced a single *conviction under the Game Laws*; a circumstance, it appears, heretofore unknown in the records of the prison.

On entering the prison, every prisoner is carefully examined and, if requisite, immersed in a warm bath; and all who are convicted are supplied with an uniform suit of clothing, marked and numbered, previous to being passed to the proper ward.

The dietary, though spare, is found to be sufficient in most cases, and the general health of the prisoners is good; not one death has taken place since the erection of the prison; and the greatest cleanliness and subordination are observable throughout the whole establishment.

The present Governor, Mr. George Smith, is a very able and efficient officer, thoroughly

experienced in all matters appertaining to his responsible office, and practising equal firmness and humanity. He is a very intelligent person, and has deservedly acquired the esteem and confidence of the magistracy of the county.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1837.

[THE editor of this budget of whim and oddity has, in the words of the old song,

a jolly knack
In cooking up an almanac.

His book of conceits for the approaching year is equal in fun and frolic to either of its predecessors: indeed, we incline to consider its embellishments superior in the fantasies of ingenuity and invention. The dozen of "righte merrie cuts," pertaining to the months, are, as heretofore, by George Cruikshank. First, we have *January*, Last Year's Bills—emblematical figures of all the trades disturbing the slumbers of a good, easy *victim* in his cosy arm-chair: for example, the oil-man is personified by his oil-jar, a pickle-jar for his head, and pounds of candles for his fingers, the group thus becoming the very perfection of the grotesque. *February* is Valentine's day — folks shooting Cupid's arrows at their neighbours; from the exquisite to the sweep on the chimney-top, every Jack has his Jill. *March* is Tossing the Pancake in the kitchen, really a delightful scene of humour and mirth below stairs. *April*, Return from Epsom Races—the annual turmoil at the Kennington Gate, admirably hit off. *May*—Beating the Bounds—a warm gentleman bewhacked by scores of fieldfare-like urchins with their clattering wands: the mirth of the attendant parish group is excellent, as the beadle, his jolly laugh, paraphernalia dressed with flowers, and laced hat and coat—oh! these are fast-fading glories; then a stout gentleman, (fat is the very personification of fun,) a very "laughter holding both his sides," and behind him the starched simper and chuckling laugh of bystanders — altogether capital. *June*—Haymaking, is a scene of hoyden mirth among the hay. *July*—Fancy Fair, is a lively scene of ogling exquisites and coquetting stall-keepers, with precociously dressed children: the centre group is good — the imploring mamma, and the yielding papa, purse in hand, with their three noisy darlings. *August*—the Regatta, is very characteristic. *September* — Cockney Sportsmen, with the peppered "individual," is good, as are the Cockney phizzes, with St. Paul's in the distance. *October*—Brewing, a jolly group caught by an old lady, in night gown and cap, and candle in hand; the stout toper and the mistress are admirable portraits of jollity and vexation of spirit. *November*—St. Cecilia's Day—all varieties of street-music, not forgetting Punch and the omnibus bugle, — a ballad-singing group with five open mouths, and the crying accompaniment of a cross child. *December* — Christmas Eve, representing the outdoor frolics of the night, as a spree with the bellman, and a dance by gas-light at the street corner, the musicians being to the life. The Hieroglyphic cannot be described in a few lines: it is a stroke of satire on the bubbles of the times. Over and above these plates, the almanac pages are enriched with little *silhouette* oddities, in the style of our playroom, cut-paper figures. Each page is full of puns, graphic and literary. Thus, Jan. 2. The Sandwich Islands discovered by a Cook. —11. Cayenne taken by as-salt, 1809. Enemy well peppered.—Feb. 1. New River begun, 1608. Drunk at a Temperance Meeting.—3. Blaise. "Farmers, look to your ricks!" Swing.—March 15. Isaac Walton died:—

Epitaph.

Rejoice, ye little fishes all!
Ye tickle-hats and minnows!
A human *pike*, without a *sole*,
Has left this world of sinners.
Ye gentle gentils, grieve no more!
Your pangs, perhaps, he feels;
For now a greedier *pike*, grim Death,
Has laid him by the *heels*.

April 30. Rogueation S. A pickpocket ducked about this time.—May 1. Chimney-sweepers' Jubilee. Emancipation of the Blacks.—June 25. Quarter-day. Moon hides behind a cloud, for fear of being shot.—Sept. 1. Passenger-shooting begins. Old ladies and young children deemed fair game by cab and omnibus drivers.—Oct. 31. Brewing ends. Malt-brun. Sir Matthew Hale.—Nov. 2. First Day of Term. Nervous epidemic among sundry, idle gents, who expect to be raised to the *Bench*, and who are *pressed* to "man the *Fleet*."

From December we quote]

A Rising Genius.— Timothy Sly's own Epistle (not the Master's).

Dear Dick—I copied my school letter to Farther and Mother ten times before one was good enough, and while the teacher is putting the capitals and flourishes in I shall slip this off on the sly. Our examination was yesterday and the table was covered with books and things bound in gilt and silk for prizes but were all put away again and none of us got none only they awarded Master Key a new fourpenny bit for his essay on Locke because his friends live next door and little Coombe got the tooth-ake so they would not let him try his experiments on vital air which was very scurvy. It didnt come to my turn so I did not get a prize but as the company was to stop tea I put the cat in the water butt which they clean it out in the holidays and they will be sure to find her and we were all treated with tea and I did not like to refuse

as they might have suspext something. Last night we had a stocking and bolster fight after we went to bed and I fought a little lad with a big bolster his name is Bill Barnacle and I knocked his eye out with a stone in my stocking but as no body knows who did it because we were all in the dark so I could not see no harm in it. Dear Dick send me directly your Watties Hyms to show for I burnt mine and a lump of cobblers wax for the masters chair on breaking up day and some small shot to pepper the people with my quill gun and eighteen pence in coppers to shy at the windows as we ride through the village and make it one and ninepence for there's a good many as Ive a spite against and if farther wont give it you ask mother and say its for yourself and meet me at the Elephant and Castle and if there's room on the coach you can get up for I want to give you some crackers to let off as soon as we get home while they are all a Kissing of me

Your affectionate brother
TIMOTHY SLY.

Scraps from the Annual Register.

Jan. 9.—At a general meeting of the Governors of Christ's Hospital, Sir John Soane's splendid architectural design for a new gateway to the school was adopted, with one dissentient only, to whom it was conceded, at his special request, that his protegée should be allowed to enter through a *Pipe of Port.*

Feb. 10.—An eminent apothecary in the New Road attended at Marylebone office, to prosecute his errand boy, who, when sent out with medicine, being versed in Shakspeare, used to "throw physic to the dogs," and sell the empty bottles: the boy had spent the money in going to see the Bottle Imp. The doctor said his suspicions were first excited by finding his patients suddenly getting well. His worship at first threatened the culprit with the pillory and the black hole; but afterwards changed the sentence into pills and a black draught, as more severe, and desired his master to take him home and dose him.

May 25.—An elderly gentleman was charged with having kissed a lady for a lark, in the fields near Kentish Town. He was fined five shillings for not being a better naturalist, with an admonition from the worthy magistrate, that most of the birds in that district belonged to the order "Pass-er."

Aug. 26.—At the meeting of the British Association, at Bristol, Professor Buckland announced, as an indisputable fact, that the antediluvians kept cows, and vended their produce as we do; for, in the plains of Bulgaria, he had recently discovered a petrified milk-walk, with a fragment of a fossil pump-handle at the end of it.

Sept. 1.—A sporting cockney was unlucky enough to hit a cow in the calf of her leg, at Hornsey. She was no sooner in a limp than he was in a hobble, and he found to his cost that leg of beef is not always to be peppered with impunity.

So—oh!—logical Society.

At the Annual Meeting of the So-oh!-logical Society, the Chairman, in an able speech, which was highly satisfactory to himself and all present, congratulated the members on the prosperous state of the concern. He informed them that their coffers and their dens were yet undrained; that they were still able to raise the wind, though they had very little ventilation; that the shilling orders were on the increase, though the animals were in a decline.

He stated that 15,073 pennyworths of apples, 10,732 gingerbread cakes, and 6,532 half-pints of nuts had been sold during the year by the old lady who sits at the bear-pit.

He thought it right to mention to the Meeting that the Council, in the choice of the Society's servants, had borne in mind, that mere experience is but empiricism, and they had discovered that whoever could wash a coach wheel could water a rhinoceros; that an overgrown *Tiger* was a proper person to feed a Lion, and the offspring of their *darlings* were doubtless best qualified to fodder their *deers.*

The President then read an interesting letter from a member, detailing new facts in the history of the domestic cat (*felis communis*). The writer's housekeeper had been making her annual brewing of elder wine, which was left in the barrel, unstopped, *secundum artem*, to ferment. Hearing an extraordinary noise in the cellar, she ventured to peep through the key-hole, and to her consternation beheld about twenty strange cats, assembled, apparently on the invitation of the Tortoise-shell of the family. They were engaged in springing in succession on the barrel, plunging their tails through the bung-hole into the delicious liquid till saturated, and then sucking them dry. The old lady distinctly heard her pet grimalkin say to a grave tabby gentleman, who seemed tasting, with an air of connoisseurship, "How! How!" to which he replied, in sounds, which seemed to her very like "More brandy!" The worthy dame fell down in a swoon, and was found by some of the servants, in a state of insensibility, with an empty brandy bottle in her hand, and she had only sufficiently recovered to narrate the above remarkable occurrence. The letter was ordered to be published in their Annual Report, and many other *tails* of cats formed subjects of conversation during the evening.

The secretary informed the society, that in consequence of the discoveries of the British Association, the giraffes had been lately fed on lettuce leaves, which had so far imparted to their necks the properties of caoutchouc,

that they now possessed the capability of indefinite extension. At this period of the proceedings, one of the animals stretched his neck from his stable to the council room, and as the president was proceeding to offer some consolation on the head of the dead lion, by descanting on the spur in his tail, put his face into the midst of the company, and, for the first time in his life, cried out, "Bah!" which had the effect of breaking up the assembly.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW FACTS REPORTED TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

(*Continued from page* 311.)

Temperature of the Interior of the Earth.

THE report read by Professor Phillips on the Interior Temperature of the Earth, was in so far interesting as it tended to show, from experiments made by Professor Forbes in the mines of the Lead-hills, by Mr. Buddle, at Newcastle, and Mr. Anderson, at Wearmouth, that the received theory of the increase of temperature as we descend, is correct. In one of the examples cited, the thermometer stood at 78° in the mine, and the mean temperature at the surface was 47½°, whilst the depth was 525 yards. In a mine at Newcastle, at 280 yards below the surface, with a mean temperature of 47½°, the thermometer stood at 64°, being very nearly the augmentation of a degree for every fifteen yards, which proposition might be taken as the average in a determinate ratio. In a mine at Manchester, at a depth of 337 yards, it was 62°; in a salt-mine at Northwich, 112 feet deep, 52°; and in a mine at Bedminster, near Bristol, which had been ascertained within a few days, at a depth of 170 yards, it was 64°. In a pit at Newcastle, 538 yards deep, or about three tenths of a mile, where the temperature above averaged 47½°, that below was 72°, and in two other observations, 74½° and 78°. So well were these principles known at Paris, that he had been informed a well was in process of being sunk, for the purpose of obtaining hot water, which he had no doubt did exist in the interior.—*Magazine of Popular Science.*

Blasting Rocks.

Dr. Hare, (of Philadelphia,) described the mode he had devised for blasting rocks in America; the apparatus consists of two copper wires joined by a small platina wire, in the middle of a tin case containing the gunpowder to be exploded. The two extremities are attached to a calorimeter, and when this is set in action the voltaic ignition is effected. The advantages of this mode are, that the action is instantaneous, and may be carried to a considerable distance from the persons employed. Dr. Hare stated that 12 simultaneous discharges in a rock had been made at 150 feet distance; and he had no doubt that very large blocks for columns, &c., might thus readily be detached. These combined explosions may, of course, be made beneath water, and afford an obvious mode of blowing up rocks impeding navigation.

Besides these advantages, the causes of human suffering and calamity are lessened. If the explosion is not effected the instant the voltaic apparatus is in full use, then the cause of failure may fearlessly be sought after the voltaic apparatus has been disconnected, and thus the many accidents resulting from approaching and disturbing a delayed but ignited train are avoided.

Instances were given of this description, and a painful case related, where the ignited train had not exploded; and after two hours had elapsed, the unfortunate man descended into the mine, which was filled with suffocating gases, evolved from the smouldering combustion of the train and some tallow, &c., accidentally present; he was followed, at different intervals, by his two sons, who also fell victims. By Dr. Hare's method of firing the gunpowder, these and other obvious dangers are avoided.—*Ibid.*

Effect of Galvanism on Minerals.

Mr. Fox mentioned the fact, long known to miners, of metalliferous veins intersecting different rocks containing ore in some of these rocks, and being nearly barren or entirely so in others. This circumstance suggested the idea of some definite cause; and his experiments on the electrical magnetic condition of metalliferous veins, and also on the electric conditions of various ores to each other, seem to have supplied an answer, inasmuch as it was thus proved that electro-magnetism was in a state of great activity under the earth's surface, and that it was independent of mere local action between the plates of copper and the ore with which they were in contact, by the occasional substitution of plates of zinc for those of copper, producing no change in the direction of the voltaic currents. He also referred to other experiments, in which two different varieties of copper ore, with water taken from the same mine, as the only exciting fluid, produced considerable voltaic action. The various kinds of saline matter which he had detected in water taken from different mines, and also taken from parts of the same mine, seemed to indicate another probable source of electricity; for can it *now* be doubted, that rocks impregnated with or holding in their minute fissures different kinds of mineral waters, must be in different electrical conditions or relations to each other? A general conclusion is, that in these fissures metalliferous deposits will be determined according to their relative electrical conditions; and that the direction of these deposits must have been influenced by the direc-

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tion of the magnetic meridian. Thus we find the metallic deposits in most parts of the world having a general tendency to the E. and W. or N. E. and S. W.

Mr. Fox added that it was a curious fact, that on submitting the muriate of tin in solution to voltaic action, to the negative pole of the battery, and another to the positive, a portion of the tin was determined like the copper, the former in a metallic state, and the latter in that of an oxide, showing a remarkable analogy to the relative position of tin and copper ore with respect to each other, as they are found in the mineral veins.—*Ibid.*

New Books.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

(*Continued from page* 300.)

Eccentrics of the Clubs.

In all of the clubs there are a greater or less number of eccentric characters. The United Service Clubs have more than their quota of such persons. One gentleman who takes a lively interest in the affairs of *the* Club, as he calls it, goes among the other members by the ugly cognomen of "The Dog of War." He is celebrated for his love of a good fish dinner, and in order that his taste in that way may be gratified, he is in the habit every day of making the descent of the kitchen, for the purpose of choosing the largest and best portion of the fish. His olfactory nerves are always, on such occasions, put in requisition to ascertain the comparative qualities of the various "lots," as he calls them, of fish exhibited to his delighted gaze. And when once he has nosed out the best "lot," which he does with infallible certainty, he takes care to give positive orders that a portion of it be reserved for him. So undeniably worthy of confidence are the testing capabilities of his olfactory nerves, that several other members, also fond of good fish dinners, but not altogether liking to resort to the same means to gratify their taste, make a point of finding out what kind of fish "The Dog of War" has singled out for his meal, and forthwith, without asking any questions of the waiters, order the requisite quantum of the same.

Another member, a well-known colonel, is a great admirer, and equally great practiser, of economy. He is anxious also to see others adopt his economical notions; and knowing, as every true philosopher does, that example is, in all such matters, better than precept, he always orders two mutton chops, with the annexed proviso, that they be "thick cut and well done." He likewise takes care to have them "up before four o'clock," by which means he saves a sixpence, technically called, in this case, the expenses of the table.

A third gentleman's eccentricities take quite a different turn from either of the other two. The gentleman to whom I refer is proud of his spectacles; but he seems to glory still more in his loquacious acquirements. He is eternally talking: sitting, standing, eating, or drinking, his organs of speech are always in full play. Let it be no longer said that the perpetual motion which used to be so much talked of by philosophers, has not yet been discovered. I say it has. Do you doubt it? Go to the Club in question, and hear Dr. ——— talking, and, I'll answer for it, your doubts will be at once removed. He never, even by accident, ate his dinner without its being completely spoiled by indulgence in his loquacious propensities. But the worst of it is, the evil does not rest with himself. He rises, perhaps, twenty or thirty times before he masticates his own dinner, and interrupts, by obtruding his conversation on them, all the gentlemen in the room while eating theirs. If it be a sin to spoil other people's dinners, as well as one's own, the worthy doctor is a transgressor of the first magnitude. Many a thousand has he been guilty of spoiling in his time. In order to annoy others the more effectually while at their fish, their joints, or their chops, he often makes a point of performing the tour of the coffee-room ten or twelve times, singling out each gentleman in succession, to have "a little chat with,"—though they are so devotedly intent on their dinner as not to be in a condition to take part in the most interesting conversation in which human beings could be engaged. It is often with difficulty they can restrain themselves from apostrophizing him audibly—"A plague on that restless, rattling tongue of yours, Doctor."

Do you see that little, lean gentleman walking pompously about the coffee-room, with a book under his arm, and a bunch of keys in his hands? There is not a better judge of a good glass of wine in Christendom. He is fond of a good dinner: who is not? Ask him to one, and, if you are a merchant, you will have no reason to repent it. Some of your goods, if the quality be undeniable, and the prices reasonable, will be sure to be forthwith ordered, and yourself patronized by a United Service Club. Take care, however, that your articles are of the first quality, and the prices fair; if not, though your dinners were such as to eclipse a Lord Mayor's, and your presents as liberal as those of an Eastern prince, you will not get an order to the extent of what Mr. Wakley, the member for Finsbury, calls "three ha'pennies." The United Service Club in question have one of the best and most faithful providers for the table at this moment extant: they always err when they do not adopt his suggestions.

London Low Life.

The observations which are made in common conversation by the Lower Classes of London, are clever as well as indicative of an easy and cheerful disposition. Every one

who has mixed among them must have been struck with this. One amusing instance occurred the other day. A woman who makes her living by calling lobsters from house to house, made a dead set one Monday at an old, rich bachelor living in Great Queen-street. She stood upwards of a minute, gazing at the window, and singing out with a wonderful pertinacity—"Fresh lobsters." "The old boy," as she called him, would not deign to pass a look either with herself or her lobsters. In her rounds all the remaining days of the week, she repeated the attempt to seduce the votary of "single blessedness" into taking one of her lobsters, which appeared to her the next best thing to taking a wife. The effort, however, was attended with no better success, until Saturday, when he listened to the voice of the charmer, and came down stairs to bargain with her. She had by this time only three left.

"My good woman, you make an insufferable noise about these lobsters of yours; are they as fresh and good as you say?"

"In troth they are, sir; and that your honour will find when you try."

"Quite sure, now, they are in excellent condition."

"You'll find them to be prime uns, sir—that I'll swear."

"See you do not deceive me."

"Bless your soul, sir, I would not deceive you for the world."

"Then what's the price of this one?" inquired the bachelor, taking the largest one in his hand.

"That's just half-a-crown, and well it's worth the money."

"Won't you take two shillings for it? I think that's quite enough."

"La! bless you, sir, it cost myself more blunt!"

"Then you'll take nothing less than half-a-crown?"

"I cannot take a farthing less, sir."

"Well, well, let me have it."

He deposited the half-crown in the woman's basket, took up the lobster, went into the house, and shut the door. The woman walked away with the view of disposing of the remainder of her stock.

The old bachelor hastened up-stairs to banquet on the supposed luxury; but, "shocking to relate," as the penny-a-line historians of accidents say, the moment he opened it the effluvia which it emitted was such as to cause him involuntarily to start back with so much force as to endanger his equilibrium. He rang the bell so furiously that the servant rushed up stairs in a perfect fright, thinking some serious accident had occurred.

"Here, here," cried he, pointing to the lobster, before Janet had well entered the room; "here, take the tongs, and throw this into the ash-pit."

Janet of course did as she was desired.

On Monday the lobster woman made her appearance as usual opposite the enraged bachelor's window, with the old story of "Fresh lobsters!" He rushed down stairs, opened the door, and accosted her with—"How dared you, you slut, have the impudence to sell me that odious lobster on Saturday as a fresh one?"

"Did your honour mean to say it was not fresh?" said the woman, with the most perfect coolness.

"*Did* I say it? I *do* say it, you hussey: the stench on opening it was insufferable."

"Well, then, your honour, and whose fault is it that it was not fresh? Didn't I call it at your window on Monday, and all the week, and you wouldn't have it when it was fresh?" And so saying she walked away to a neighbouring gin-shop with the most provoking non-chalance, humming to herself—"All round my hat."

Not long since, my anxiety to study human character among the lower classes, led me into the tap-room of a public-house in the vicinity of Broad-street, Holborn.

"I say, Tom, old man," said a little, stout-built personage, who, from the appearance of his visage, must have been a dustman; "don't you think as how that vas a lucky chap as found the lot of shiners,* as he vas a diggin' in the field the other day?"

"Ay, Jem, that's vot I calls a chance," said the other, whose leathern apron and general appearance bespoke his being a cobbler.

"But vasn't he a stupid old fool?" said the dustman, putting a small piece of wood into his pipe to remove some obstruction to the passage of the smoke. "Vasn't he a stupid old fool to tell his vife any think about it?"

"Vy, Jem?"

"Vy: bekas when he told her, she vent and blowed it about everyvere as till the landlord heard it, an' he claimed all the money."

"Oh!" said a jolly-looking blacksmith, the whites of his eyes shining more brilliantly by reason of the contrast which his face, scarcely less black than the hearth of his own smithy, presented—"Oh! he told his vife, did he? Ay," continued the son of Vulcan, withdrawing his pipe for a moment from his mouth, to pay his respects to the spittoon, and giving at the same time a knowing shake of the head—"Ay, he might expect his vife to keep a secret. I've larned the folly of that ere at home. Vaiter, bring me another pint of beer and a pipe and 'backy." The dryness of manner with which this was uttered exceeded anything I have ever witnessed.

Some of the similes or imagery which the Lower Classes of London are in the habit of using, are exceedingly happy.

"Harry, my boy," said a cobbler, the other

* Sovereigns.

day, to a journeyman tailor, "can you lend me a shilling?"

"Bless your soul," said the knight of the thimble, "I have not got as much about me as would pay the toll at a turnpike-gate for a broom-stick."

"Ned, my jolly old fellow," said one cartman to another, as they both set quaffing a pot of porter in the tap-room—"Ned, won't you have a slice of this here loaf?"

"I'm not a bit hungry," said Ned.

"Take a slice; there's a good fellow."

"Well, if I do," said Ned, "let it be only the bigness of a bee's knee."

"Holloa, Jack, is that you?" said one country-looking personage with a smock-frock, to another in the same dress, while both Houses of Parliament were on fire in October 1834.

"Vy, Jem," said the other, "I did not expect to see you in this here crowd."

"There's a fine go of it—eh!" meaning the conflagration.

"Vy, yes, Jem, I calls that a little bit of a blaze, and no mistake. It will soon take the shine out of those there engine-men."

"I should think so. They'll never put it out; they might as soon think as how they could extinguish it by spitting on it."

"Put it out! Heaven bless you, Jack, they wouldn't put it out, though they were to pour the whole Thames on it like a sack of potatoes."

One of the most popular writers of the present day mentions to me, that he regards the image of the "sack of potatoes," as one of the boldest and most poetical he has heard made use of for a considerable time.

The Lower Classes in London are in the habit of abbreviating words in common conversation, as much as possible. Nothing can exceed their dislike to pronouncing words at their full length. If they speak of the "Morning Chronicle" it is called the "Chron.;" of the "Satirist" it is called the "Sat." A cabriolet is a cab. Mr. Joseph Hume is "Joe" Hume, and so on. From the extent to which this practice of cutting words short is carried, added to the awkwardness of a cockney pronunciation, it is often impossible for a stranger to understand what is said to him. Let him, for example, pass along Wellington-street to Waterloo Bridge, and he will be accosted by some dozen of persons, all looking him in the face, and repeating twenty or thirty times, "Bo, sa;" "Bo, sa;" "Bo, sa." If he does not discover otherwise, that they are saying, "Boat, sir;" "Boat, sir;" "Boat, sir;" in other words that they are asking him whether he wants a boat, he certainly has no chance of finding out the fact from the mere words, or rather sounds—for they are no words—they employ. In many instances this spirit of abbreviation is carried so far among the Lower Classes of London, as to omit three words out of every four in a sentence. For example, the butcher who stands outside the door, looking with knife in hand and his hair carefully combed on one side, at his assortment of meat,—instead of asking the passer by in plain terms, what he will buy, sings out as fast as he can, "Buy, buy, buy; vat buy, vat buy, vat buy!" The practice of abbreviating words, and in some cases omitting many of them altogether, is not, however confined to the Lower Classes, though it chiefly prevails among them. It is not uncommon among the middle, nor even among the very highest classes.

Notes of a Reader.

THE LATE THOMAS TAYLOR, AND HIS TRANSLATION OF ARISTOTLE.

A strong and indubitable proof of the late Mr. Thomas Taylor's extraordinary industry and very great abilities, is afforded by his translation of Aristotle's works, in ten volumes, royal quarto. He persevered in executing it in opposition to a numerous train of unexampled difficulties, which would have entirely subdued a less resolute spirit; and it owes its publication to the more than princely munificence of Mr. William Meredith, of Harley Place, an ardent admirer of the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, and who patronized the labours of Mr. Taylor with a liberality unparalled since the days of the Medici. In the Organon, or Logical Treaties, (a volume of 844 pages,) Mr. Taylor has given copious extracts from the Commentary of Ammonius Hermeas on the treatise entitled "de Interpretatione," and also from Simplicius on the Categories. His elucidations from the Commentary of Simplicius on the Physics are still more copious, and contain, in addition to much other valuable matter, extracts from the lost writings of Parmenides, Melissus, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, &c., which Simplicius says were very rare even in his time. In the books on the Heavens, and on the Soul, is the substance of the Commentaries of Simplicius on these treatises. In the treatises, likewise, on Meteors, and on Sense and Phantasy, are the Scholia of Olympiodorus on the former, and Priscianus on the latter, both of which are replete with peculiarly important information. The notes on the Metaphysics contain nearly the whole of the Commentaries of Syrianus that are extant; and are a most able and satisfactory defence of the Platonic doctrine of Ideas against the apparent opposition of Aristotle. J. H. F.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AND THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

Our Zoological Gardens are the nearest approach that this country has ever made to the

Jardin du Roi, at Paris; but there is a difference between them that time will never remove. The *Jardin du Roi* has the various merits of the Zoological Gardens, the Chelsea Botanical Garden, the British Museum, and the College of Surgeons' Museum, united in one. The Regents' Park Zoological Garden is a pretty garden, and the flowers are pretty; and in this an approach is made to the Garden of the Tuileries, but only an approach—the orange-trees, the marble basin, the tasteful fountain, the elegant statues, the effect, the *tout ensemble* is wanting. In the *Jardin du Roi* there is no attempt at beauty, but every attention paid to science. The plants are arranged, and with accuracy of nomenclature. If we compare the live stock, the English collection scarcely equals the French; our feline animals are very inferior; —but our giraffes—our four giraffes! Mine eyes never beheld a sight so splendid: the graceful, snake-like flexibility of those long necks, and the statue-like repose of their usual attitude, are alike superb, and are worth a menagerie of lions and tigers. Throughout the vast and comprehensive *Jardin des Plantes*, there appears to be every endeavour to place the animals in a situation as near as possible to a natural state; they all look exceedingly healthy, clean, and in good condition, and the greatest possible space consistent with safety is allowed them. Much care has been exercised, also, in the feeding department. It has been ascertained that some of the carnivorous animals are most healthy, and most inclined to increase in bulk, if fed only once in several days. The jaguar is remarkable for the excess of this peculiar power, and will eat at a single meal sufficient to support him for a week. In his native, wild solitudes, he is, probably, equally abstemious during the time of repletion. The cage system for the feline animals exists here as elsewhere; it would be evidently dangerous to keep them in any other way.—*Abridged from the Entomological Magazine.*

THE OCEAN QUEEN.*

In Sherwood's ancient forest a thousand oak-trees died,
Ere by the shore the ocean-queen was towering in her pride;
Majestically slow the ship descended to the main,
And there was in that motion the right unto her reign.

High up into the clear, blue sky she hung her cloud-like sail,
All brigt'ning in the summer-sun, and floating in the gale;
And as deep down within the sea her mighty shadow lay,
Did not that peaceful pageant give new glory to the day?

Yet though the ocean-queen at rest be beautiful and bright,
It is through storm and darkness that she walketh in delight;
And when the moon and stars are swept from out the scowling heaven,
In her dread joy along the deep the ocean queen is driven.

But most the noble vessel exulted in her glee,
Her own victorious thunder to hear upon the sea,
When all her hundred voices were blended into one,
And like a star, St. George's flag above the battle shone.

The banded foes of Freedom quaked when she was on the deep,
And Fear built up her battlements in vain upon the steep.
In her untarnished triumph, she sailed back from the war,
When Villeneuve and Gravina struck their flags at Trafalgar.

And now she lies at anchor in majestical repose,
While her unconquered crew lament the fall of all her foes;
And as they tread the stedfast decks, bethink them of the blasts,
That in the winter midnights went roaring through her masts.

What, though her shadow in the calm hath lost its glorious glow,
The guardian form is faded that threatens on her prow;
And storm-stained be her canvass that shone so bright of yore,
'Tis but the gloom reflected from dangers that are o'er.

In battle and in tempest for her we had no fears,
But peace her deck hath crowded with coward mutineers;
And they would cut her cables as she at anchor lay,
And send the ocean queen adrift, and burning through the bay.

But brook'd not her own admiral that perjured arm should dare
To touch her storm-proof tackling, or unfurl her sails so fair;
So he bade 'mid his victorious crew the signal gun to roar,
And a hundred forts returned the sound in thunder from the shore.

Then were the men of England, for sake of England, seen
In armed barges rowing all round the ocean queen;
And chain'd were those pale mutineers, as if in sport 'twere done,
While the ship with all her canvass kept sailing in the sun.

Then back unto her moorings the ocean queen returned,
While far off in her troubled wake the billows flash'd and burned;
Till slowly her sheet-anchor sunk into its rock again,
And England's royal standard waved in splendour from her main.

* Ascribed to the pen of the late Mr. Canning, in the *Liverpool Mail* newspaper.

The Gatherer.

The Mines of Colquijilca, Peru.—The account of the discovery of the existence of silver in this district is something like the story told of the discovery of the Potosi mine: it is, that a shepherd who was attending his flocks upon the Cerro made a fire at night, and in the morning found that several small pieces of silver had, by its action, been run together. — *Lieutenant Smyth's Journey.* (This is, as the *Quarterly Review* observes, a

very old and oft-repeated story, and is something like that of the Phœnician discovery of glass.) J. H. F.

A warm Welcome.—Lieutenant Smyth thus describes his meeting with Padre Plaza, the patriarch of Sarayacu, at Santa Catalina:—"He is a rather short and fat person, between 60 and 70 years of age, with a good-humoured countenance, and no sooner had we disengaged ourselves from his arms, than the Indian women began, but with more fervour, a similar welcome; not content with kissing and hugging, they dragged us, with their arms entwined about our persons, to their houses, expressing themselves all the time delighted to see us, in the only Spanish word they knew, 'Amigo.'"—*Journey from Lima to Pera.* J. H. F.

Incentives to Crime.—"It would appear," observes Mr. G. P. R. James, in his admirable *History of Edward the Black Prince*, "that the knowledge of crime, and the familiarization of the mind of man therewith, has a much greater tendency to produce, and to increase crime, than the example of virtue has to counteract vice; for evil always meets with such able advocates in the human passions, that the pleadings of virtue are seldom heard till too late. The contagious nature of evil actions, will account for many of those seeming madnesses which sometimes seize upon large bodies of men, and even upon nations. There can be little doubt now that nine out of ten of the acts of incendiarism which have disgraced France and England in an enlightened age, proceed from no combination, political or otherwise, but simply from the contagion of example, together with the facility of perpetration. Indeed, the confessions of the unhappy criminals themselves, have in most cases borne out this view of the case."

Beautiful Epitaph, imitating the Antique.

"Demophile rests here: we will not say
That she was aged, lest ye turn away;
Nor, that she long had suffered: early woes
Alone can touch you; go, and pity those."

—W. S. Landor, Esq.,—from his very thoughtful and philosophical work, "Pericles and Aspasia," a *novel*, not in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but because sage and pithy reflection is a novelty in "the age of tinsel."

A new Species of Aphis has attacked the cabbage and brocoli plants in the neighbourhood of London; the best mode of destroying which is by watering the plants with equal parts of tobacco-water and lime-water. As every part of the leaves must be repeatedly moistened with this liquor, of course the cabbage and the broccoli can no longer be of any use as food, and the only use of the remedy is to prevent the insects spreading to healthy plants.—*Report of Ent. Soc.*

Nettles.—In Scotland I have eaten nettles, I have slept in nettle sheets, and I have dined off a nettle tablecloth. The young and tender nettle is an excellent potherb, and the stalks of the old nettle are as good as flax for making cloth. I have heard my mother say that she thought nettle cloth more durable than any other species of linen.—*T. Campbell, in Mew Month. Mag.*

Amatory Poetry: what is Amatory Poetry without its tenderness?—(We transcribe this pithy remark for the sole benefit of those hosts of scribblers "who write with ease," and without end, lines and sonnets, and stanzas, &c., to the real, or imaginary, ladies of their love,—guiltless of feeling, tenderness, sentiment, imagination, and in short of all *poetry*, except that which probably constitutes poetry in their opinion, viz.: rhyme. Whilst we are touching upon this subject, we will also venture to hint, that there is something so sacred and monopolizing in real passion and affection, that the lover shrinks from opening his heart on the subject to the public; if he fails in this delicacy of feeling, he can scarcely be considered truly to love, and is certainly unworthy of being beloved. On the other hand, those who attempt to write amatory poetry merely as an art, without reference to any actual object of affection, ought well to consider how to express, most naturally, the fictitious feeling. Now, love is a passion; the language of passion is strong, forcible, concentrated, and, in this case, very tender; and it assuredly is not to be found in the rhymes of the versifiers, to and of whom we speak; and it is for this reason that we reject the host of their compositions, and probably offend them by endeavouring to elevate the literary character of our work. On another point, we apprehend ourselves to be also at issue with them; they fancy, that of all poetry, the *amatory* is the easiest to write; and nothing, in fact, can be more difficult.)

Paper from Beet-root.—In France, a coarse brown paper is manufactured from the refuse of the beet-root, after the saccharine juice has been extracted; and it is intended also to establish a paper manufactory at the beet-root sugar refinery now erecting at Thames Bank, Chelsea.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Astronomy.—A relative of one of the most distinguished astronomers of his time, was one day asked by a lady, (herself no pretender in the sublime science,) if Sir ——— had made any recent discoveries of importance. "Why, no," was the answer; "and, indeed, he has *rummaged* the heavens so thoroughly, that I don't fancy there is much left for anybody to find out."—*Athenæum.*

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